

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1954

AN ECCENTRIX

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It was still half past eleven.

Finally was discovered a secret passage leading diagonally down along the chimney, ending in one of the book shelves. Through this passage led a wire, attached to a weight, which drove the clock. The clock is now looking better, feeling better, and doing better. Last week it was within three minutes of the correct time. The next time you take a book, give the old clock an encouraging nod.

DFL History  
**An Eccentric Clock**

By Walter Reed Hunt

One of the treasures in our beautiful Memorial Library is its clock. You remember it above the fireplace in the reading room. It had one peculiarity. You ask the time of day, the answer was half past eleven. No one living remembers any other answer. It is not good manners for a clock to be so stubborn. Right twice a day, wrong the rest.

One of the trustees told William Hall of Marshfield of its bad habit. Mr. Hall loves clocks and has a house filled with them, Cuckoo clocks, clocks of all kinds. He said let me look at it. He came over took it down, over to his shop. Cleaned and oiled it and brought it back, put it in place, looked at it. It still recorded half past eleven. Mr. Hall talked to it, reasoned with it, played with it.

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